

THE CHART

VOL. II

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Pithecanthropus Erectus

By Ed Hollman

The eminent critique par excellence of the flickering photos, Mr. Lew Lehr says, "Monkeys are the cwasiest people." Naturally, this epigram reads truest when read reversed. But if it weren't for screwballs, pervers, fanatics and journalists (and dramatists, good and bad) this would be a sorry, dull old world. I don't doubt that some people will condradict that last statement. However, this column has no purpose, no definite knowledge to impart, and nothing worth memorizing. Read it and laugh, grin or groan. People plastered on the printed page of this column will be big and small, important and trivial, comic and pathetic according to the way you see them.

* * *

"I have no confidence in the system of isolation. It does not answer in social life for individuals, nor in politics for nations." This isn't a statement by President Roosevelt on the war situation, but one made by the Duke of Wellington, who was the nemesis of the "first" modern European conqueror. Not that Roosevelt will personally defeat Hitler by means of war, but his country's money, munitions and general aid will go a long way towards doing it. Incidentally, your columnist wonders if his sales tax contributions will help put Donnell or McDaniel on the throne. Corruption, thy name is politics.

According to the Deutcher Weck-rufund Beobachter, a New York Nazi paper, English literature teachers haven't been giving us guys the low down on Shakespeare. This unbiased disseminator of Knowledge (??) has this to say of the Bard-of-Avon. "Quite a number of people also describe the German classical author, Shakespeare, as belonging to English literature, because—quite accidentally born at Stratford-on-Avon—he was forced by the authorities of that country to write in English."

Clifton Fadiman, the man who asks questions on "Information, Please," reads books at the rate of 150 pages an hour to enable him to prepare his weekly book reviews for the New Yorker. Fadiman held no less than forty jobs while going through college and never earned less than \$1,000 a year. Some of his more unusual positions have been that of tutoring a half-wit, reading Shakespeare to a mad Wall-Street plunger, trailing an earnest duffer around the golf links and telling him to keep his head up (at \$10 an afternoon) and guiding lost women and children out of the Cretan Mino-

J. J. C. CALLS HAWAII

On the road to being an "A-1" educational institution, it is something of a prerequisite to have a little bit of international flavor. Next year J.J.C. fulfills this requirement by enrolling Andrew Okubo of Hilo, Hawaii.

Okubo chose Joplin from a list of approved Junior Colleges in the University of Missouri catalogue, where he eventually plans to matriculate.

A letter requesting information from the school was received by the Dean's office a few weeks ago.

taurs maze in an amusement park.

The Chinese have again put one over on Fashion Park and the three wise men, Hart, Shaffner, and Marx, if one takes the following advertisement in the Shanghai "North China Daily News" as any indication. An advertisement in said paper plays up the latest addition to the wardrobe of the well-dressed young Chinese in 1941.

"What friend will ever forget you for saving his life? A present that will last a lifetime. A waistcoat that is guaranteed bulletproof is the kind of present to give a friend. It's genuine; it's permanent; and it's appreciated. The E-W brand of bulletproof vest."

Those mad Marxists (not Harpo, Groucho and Chico but Browder and the groaning proletariat) have done it again. The weather is now on the Comrades' list for curtailment or so says the "Daily Worker." "Under the anti-social capitalist system, the great mass of the people are victims of every kind of weather freak . . . the heat parches them and saps their energy and health. Only in the Soviet Union, where there is Socialism, and the rest, leisure and living conditions of the people fully provided for—these rights are written into the Stalin Constitution."

Getting back to the home front, Jasper Wooten comes into the lime-light. Mr. Wooten is the armless Globe-News Herald paper salesman that sits in front of the Keystone Hotel. Mr. Wooten was approached recently by a member of the clergy and asked to loan a little something to establish a church. What did Mr. Wooten do but put a pencil in his teeth and write out a check for \$1,300. (Notice, if your columnist is not around next semester, stop by the Connor Hotel corner and buy a paper.)

And there is always the colossal blunder of the year. This column's nomination goes to a certain doctor of sociology who said,

"Columbus sailed the ocean blue In fourteen hundred and ninty-three."

They tell me that there's a certain (Continued on Page 3)

LIONS BATTLE BOLIVAR TONITE



THE REMAINING BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

January	17, Bolivar	H
	21, Springfield "B"	H
	30, Independence	T
February	7, Coffeyville	H
	11, Fort Scott	T
	18, Bolivar	T
	20, Coffeyville	T
	26, Independence	H
	28, Chanute	T

BAPTIST'S CAGERS AVERAGE WELL OVER SIX FEET

Probable Starting Line-Ups

Bolivar	Joplin
V. Elmore, 6' 2"	F D. Rowland, 6'
J. Hamby, 6' 2"	F Oglesby, 5' 10 1/2"
T. Squires, 6'	G G. Enos, 5' 10 3/4"
M. Elmore, 5' 9"	G Green, 5' 10 1/2"
K. Fast, 6' 4"	C B. Masters, 6' 3"

Official: Molly Matthews, Springfield

Boasting a starting line-up that averages over six feet, the Southwest Baptist Junior College cagers invade Memorial Hall tonight to attempt to shake off the mantle of defeat the Green and Gold cagers have cloaked them in the past two years.

To date this season the Baptists have won four games and lost four, two of these defeats coming at the hands of Flat River JuCo, undefeated in two years' running.

Led by Vernon Elmore, who received honorable mention on the all-state Junior College Conference team, S.W.B.C. will probably constitute the chief threat, thus far, that the Lions have faced in protecting their 16 home-game winning streak. Last year Joplin downed the visitors twice, winning the first game 46 to 19 and taking the second 31 to 18. Joplin won both '39 games.

Dean Aids Examinees

He makes the wheel's go 'round

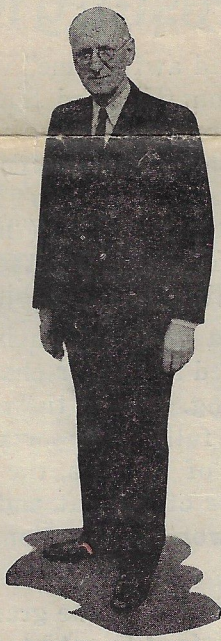
Do you know what it means to have Mr. Blaine for our Dean?

Final examinations are upon us; and at the same time we're confronted by the problems of next semester's work. Do you need a little help in deciding just which way to go? Have you some complaints or pleasures to express? Is your moral slipping a little below par, If so you're a case for Dean Blaine. He's a specialist.

What if we had a gruff old dean who never had time for our problems or our whims and fancies?

You all know what I mean; because I've heard you say, "He's a good guy"; "Blaine's a swell fella"; or "Blaine's all right." We all mean the same thing. I do hope he knows we appreciate him even though we skip assembly, loaf in the halls, sign petitions, and enact a few other minor offenses.

This is a week of reckoning but we've got a good dean to see us through. Perhaps we'll struggle through the former, with the help of the latter.



DEAN BLAINE

POST EXAM DANCE BY THESPIANS

Hyah comes that momentous minute, that reverberating rumba, that jubilee of jives—you know what ah mean st-uu-dents. Come on yhets dance.

Nijinsky or Pavloa might shun tonight's Annual Post-Exam Dance, but the Dramatic Club warns YOU not to. 'Cause there's, gonna be plentah a stomperatin, syncopatin' and just plain fun.

Its a chance to let your hair down after a week of torrid, third degree. Things start poppin' in the gym right after the game and everyone's invited.

Betty Rowton, president of the club, is in charge of arrangements with Marian Fountain, secretary, taking care of the decorations. Jack Holden heads the finance committee and Leffen Pflug the advertising staff. They're all pulling together to give you the best dance ever—so a two step left, a two step right, head for the gym this very night.

NEW SEMESTER BEGINS

Registration for both new and old students will be held Monday, January 20. Classes will begin at 8:30 Tuesday morning.

THE CHART

of J J C Activity

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"Our Times" Is History Making

"We are living in a grand and awful time" was the way a hymn started the other night on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour. The words were written around the time of the Revolutionary War, but it's hard to imagine any words more vividly descriptive of the present. Naturally, they aren't fully effective unless you consider "awful" in the literal sense ("inspiring dread or deep reverence; profoundly impressive") rather than in the sense the average collegiate, or Brenda and Cobina use it.

We are living in a grand, a dreadful, an inspiring time. Surely the world has never moved so fast or changed so much as it is now moving and changing. During the past decade or so we have witnessed spectacles fully as important as the rise and fall of Rome, the discovery of America, the campaigns of Napoleon. We have seen the rise of a great and terrible conqueror, the fall of a great and wonderful nation, the death of a civilization.

The great are given the power to see the grandeur of their time whenever it may come, but in such a time as this surely we too may to some extent realize, and enjoy the grandness of our time. We are living in a time of great men and vast and momentous events. We are living in a grand and awful time. Accept it, appreciate it, and live the time.

Your Attitude Makes J. J. C.

What is the real cause of the lack of school spirit in J.J.C.? Some people say it is a lack of acquaintance among students; some blame the cheerleaders; some want more pep assemblies.

But one or another of these reasons cannot be the real root of the thing. That lies in the attitude of the student body, and that attitude must be changed before any progress is made. We have new cheerleaders; we have pep assemblies; and the lack of acquaintance should have been remedied by now; the rest is up to each one individually. Today is the last day of the semester, so why not all celebrate by going to the game and to the dance afterwards? Let's get behind the school and push!

The Washline

This may be the age of "chiselry", but most of our fellow students are plenty glad they didn't have to fall back on it during exams. Some of them did ignore each other—watchfully, however, when the quizzes got too tough. Oh well, even Rudolph, Moses and V. Richardson pulled through.

With the new semester things are really going to get into full swing. There'll be parties, dances, basketball and plenty of school pep and spirit. Here's a hint for those who want the next school party to be a success for them:

If you still want to know me,
My love, when we're older,
When you're dancing with me
Don't look over my shoulder.

This doesn't apply to people like Marjorie Parker, but Bill Warren and those tall fellows had better take warning! Incidentally, we wonder what Bill's next step will be, now that a certain fellow has joined the navy.

Cupid seems to have taken a vacation around J.J.C. People are getting so studious that it's hurting his business. Of course, people like Lynn and J. Harsh, Lamar and Vicky and the ol' faithful Dick and Louise are cooperating with the bows and arrows—or should it be spelled "beaux and errors"?

How about a little romance before next time? Can't Jack Holden, Johnnie Brock, Kenton Slankard or Herman Ross give the girls a break? Couldn't Margaret Bull, Lois Tonjes, Helen Knell or Martha Kassab give the fellows a break? How about it?—huh?

It's Legit!

Well, after that Christmas issue, changing the name of my column 'n stuff, I thought I might as well just quote reviews from the New Yorker. In discussing Maurice Evan's latest Shakespeare drama (due in K. C. soon) we find there's no special point in discussing the plot of "Twelfth Night." As you know, or should, it is concerned with the old problem of mistaken identity, a theme upon which Shakespeare seems to have been inclined to brood from time to time. Viola looks so much like her brother Sebastian that only a blood hound could tell them apart, and this, of course, leads to hell's own amount of confusion in Illyria, where every mind you meet is a little slower than the last.

While the story of "Twelfth Night" is as irritating as a raspberry seed in a back tooth, it's the dialogue that really makes an evening at the St. James a torment to all exceptionally devout. I have no idea what the Clown (Shakespeare's clowns have probably bored more people stiff than colored radio com-

Cholly Knickerbocker, Jr.

At noon just outside the portals of J.J.C., Arrel Gibson and Marge Welcher may be seen holding hands and singing "She Is More to be Pitied than Censored!" Could this melody be directed toward Dorothy Dietz, who apparently is heartbroken after only two days of Gibson's company?

Here's an excellent, logical dilemma for Dr. Stevick to solve. Six miles east on highway 66 there's a blue-eyed blonde. Six miles west on highway 66 there's a brown-eyed brunette. Between these two there's Gaylon Enos. Every Wednesday and Sunday brown eyes gaze at Enos, while every Friday the blue eyes are prevailing. Now then—with which is Enos going steady? You tell me!

Don't faint—but Jim Baysinger has finally decided to settle down. The date is set for sometime in July and the prospective bride is auburn-haired, high school senior, Bessie Cantrell.

This going steady business is debunk. Witness those invitations extended to "Babs" Bell to step out with three such Casanova's.

Betty Roberts' present by-line is: "It's the sentiment of the thing." This is her answer to any accusation that the ring on her Third Finger, Left Hand is an engagement ring from Bill Mills of Uncle Sam's Army.

Nancy Gardner swears she knows all the answers, and plans to open an "advice to the lovelorn" bureau. Here's your chance boys and girls to get the information from someone who knows.

SPORTS ISSUE

Sports is one of the finest and largest of a schools activities. We are proud of our schools part in the sports world. We take this time to thank our coach and our sportsmen for their splendid work in the past year and feel sure they will carry Joplin Junior College to greater victories in the years to come.

This issue of The Chart is dedicated to them and our sports.—Editor

edians) means when he says somewhere in the second act, "I did impetuous thy gratility; for Malvolio's nose is no whippstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses." "Excellent," remarks Sir Andrew Auge-check to this balderdash. "Why, this is the best fooling." Half of the trouble with Shakespeare's clowns, I imagine, is that the other characters keep encouraging them.

Miss Helen Hayes, also appearing with Mr. Evans, radiant in a bicycling costume, is actually able to make you feel grateful that Viola wasn't really drowned when that ship went down.

To The Ladies

Men are patient creatures, but when it comes to criticism of their wearing apparel they become touchy and are a determined lot, ready to fight back. The following represents the consensus of opinion among J. J.C. males, gathered and written in an abridged form sans certain expletives not to be found in Webster's.

Hair Bows: They're driving us NUTZ. At least the girls could grow up a little and wear small sensible bows, but no, each miss has to look like a stratoliner with its landing gear down. These are enough to smack any sane male for an outside loop.

Socks: Now these are really rowdys. From deep purple to bright red come the knee length Boy Scout socks, or should we say shocks, all of which serve to remind us that we must catch up on our yodeling lessons.

And the knick-knacks from knock-knock shoppes, which may be anything from a cat that resembles a mouse to a bunch of grapes that Judy Garland must have brought back from the land of Oz. But it doesn't end here, you'd think after receiving a few disapproving male glances, the trinket-sporting misses would be driven back to the jungles from whence they came, their heads bowed in shame—NO!!—they flaunt them brazenly before all and even laugh in your face and say, "Looky what I gottums. Chee, ain't it wunnerful?"

Dresses: Well, as dresses go, dresses are dresses and nothing more than dresses, so we don't (ad) dress you on this (dress) tressing subject.

Hats: We must add our little bit to the questions of feminine head-apparel. The problem trite in some circles but not in J.J.C., as long as we laddies are still forced to put up with these monstrosities that adorn our lovelies' brows. Myself, I've long been hardened to the sight of hats that resemble a cross between a chronic case of amnesia and an

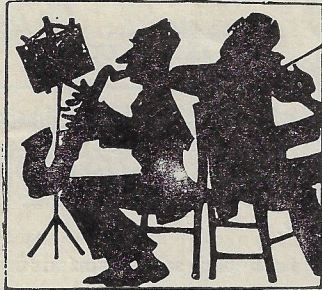
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Orchestra Makes Two Appearances

Members of the Joplin Junior College orchestra are displaying their versatility by combining a week of exams and public appearances. Yesterday evening, January 16, at eight-thirty this group gave a short broadcast over WMBH, as a feature of the regular weekly broadcasts of the college. This morning they again represented J.J.C.'s music department by appearing in an assembly program before the students of Galena High School.

overdose of quinine, but there are some who think they haven't even noticed these yet, it's merely because they are still in a daze!

We warn you fems, a man can stand so much, then something snaps. If it kills you, so much the better, but if life lingers, another babbling idiot is born, tortured by visions of pink-eyed gargoyles, dressed like Supermen eating chocolate covered cream puffs and singing "You Got Me This Way".

Signed— G. W. T. W.

(Guess we told (the) women)

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PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS

(Continued from Page 1)

Titian-haired dramatics director who thinks "the geraniums are so pretty" after seeing Katie Hepburn, also a Titian-haired dramatist, in "The Philadelphia Story". They also tell me she got the lead in the Little Theatre's "Boy Meets Girl". On the night of the play your commentator will be sitting in the audience in his seat, while she is sitting on the stage in her condition, no doubt.

See you after the exams, if able, at the Dramatics Club Dance.

ATTENTION GIRLS! LET THE BOYS SPEAK

Sniff sniff—fair ladies of J. J. C., the ego of every male member of ye good old college has been injured.

Honest Injun! Deep down in our hearts we loves you—maybe we are a bit bashful about showing it but, each time we take you to a basketball game, dance, carry your books upstairs, or just call you up to see how you are, in our own little way we are trying to show something as old as the earth itself—love!

As for Sir Walter Ralieggh (to say nothing of Sir Ralph Guthrie), don't we always get out and open the car door for you, help you on with your coat, and if it came right down to it we would drape our coat across

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Orlin B. Stewart has coached basketball eight years. Three of these have been spent at Bolivar, where he played both basketball and football in his undergraduate days. Stewart also lettered in both sports at Springfield Teachers College, graduating from there in 1933. He then attended Missouri and Northwestern Universities, where he did his postgraduate work.

In '33 and '34 while coaching at Humansville his teams won 11 out of 12 conference games. From Humansville he trekked to Golden City where he proved his versatility by guiding the Golden gridders to 15 wins and three ties in 23 games.

The opportunity to coach the S. W.B.C. basketballers came in 1939, and Stewart transferred to that post. Besides his job as mentor of the Baptists, Stewart teaches physical education.

a mud puddle (although a man-hole would be more probable today).

After all, our beloved damsels, we realize that we are college men now and must be on the lookout for our future Mrs.; we are not a "stand-offish group," a minute to look you all over—trying to find a girl just like dad's (Not easy these days.)

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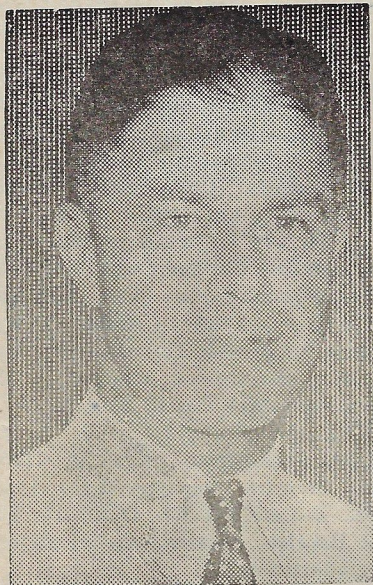
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Here's the man who holds the whiphand over Joplin Junior College's undefeated cagers. Coach Bill Collins has been top man in the basketball as well as football for the past three years. His court teams have won 29 games while losing 10.

If the Lions win tonight's game it will be the fifth straight victory the Collinsites will have scored over Bolivar.

J. J. C. WHALLOPS FT. S.

J.J.C. passed the five game milestone in the youthful cage season without disaster by walloping a luckless Fort Scott five 64-31.

The Grey Hounds made the first goal but from then on lost command to the free scoring Lions, who led 30 to 16 at intermission. Joplin scorers were paced by Charlie Green and Emmett Oglesby, the former with 15 counters and the latter with 13.

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Charting 'Em • BY JERRY COHEN

The "flu" wave that created quite a stir with a bit of a deemphasizing program of its own, numbered as its only major victim amongst the basketballers Captain Charlie Green. Green's illness caused Coach Collins no end of sleepless nights, but he of the wavy hair was back in harness in time to see plenty of action in the Chanute shindig.

Futurama: Informed sources have it, that the aforementioned Mr. Green and Gaylon Enos are eyeing with mounting enthusiasm the prospect of cavorting for the Cowboy cagers of Oklahoma A. & M. next year (the informed source being the indomitable "Speck" Enos.) "Gushing" Gaylon wants it known by one and all that he isn't superstitious, but admits after a recent visit to tonsorial parlor, the putting green he is wearing for a toupee, may have been responsible for his change of luck in the Chanute game. Anyway, the "Hairless wonder" chalked up 11 points in the fracas. —Bill Gideon goes to Miami U. (Florida) on a tennis scholarship next fall. The red-headed racketeer has cut quite a swath in local net circles the past few years, and plenty should be heard of him from the palm-studded state where the schools list tennis as a major sport. Eddie Alloo, who made a sweep of the last major net tournament is from Rollins, Miami's dearest rival.

The Reserves have shaken the aplomb of the leading teams in the "Y" closed basketball league with their 16 to 11 victory over hitherto unbeaten Alba and a 37 to 20 polishing off of the powerful Atlas powder men.—The height of something or other: But Weygandt after peppering in six points for the varsity against Fort Scott, dressed, hurried to the "Y" got back into cage togs, and garnered another four counters against Alba.

Carthage yields another rarity to these ancestral halls in the person of Don Fitzwater. While this corner cannot vouch for some of the claims made for the erratic Don, other circles have hailed him as the most unpredictable character to don a green and gold athletic jersey. Fitz's "genius" first cropped out while he was romping through workouts with Lion griders, but it has really blossomed forth as a member of the all-conquering reserve hoopsters. Oft times surpassing even the fondest hopes of his warmest admirers, Fitz keeps a running line quips at hand, be he in the midst of a heated battle or merely being in the midst. But why shouldn't the great one be something out of the ordinary, his really, really; truly, truly cousin is no less than the current "glammer" boy of the cinema, Mickey Rooney. (If you wanna argue take a gander at the profiles.)

J. J. C. laddie: "Have a cigarette."
J. J. C. lassie: "Sir, I beg your pardon, I am a coed."
J. J. C. laddie: "Sorry, have a cigar."

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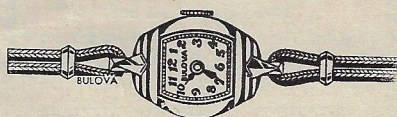
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LIONS ALL VICTORIOUS ON HOME COURT

By scoring a 38 to 33 triumph over Chanute J. C. last Friday night, the Lions made it the sixteenth consecutive victory on the home court.

Jumping ahead at the outset the J.J.C. Lions built up a commanding lead a few minutes before half-time, but the visitors whittled the count down to 22 to 20 as the gun sounded.

Starting the second period, the orange clad cagers forged into the lead, which was short lived however, as the Green and Gold began to rally strongly, chiefly on the basis of converted free throws. With three minutes to go and leading by five points, Joplin staged something of a side show with an exhibition of plain and fancy stalling, relinquishing the ball to Chanute only once during this time.

Gaylon Enos counting four times on long set shots and three charity tosses, shared scoring honors with Captain Charlie Green, each accounting for 11 points.

Ideas are strange things, they won't work if you won't.

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